THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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For The Dayspring.

LITTLE FIGURES.

CHAPTER III.

BY MARY C. BARTLETT.

JIMMIE PHELAN came in the other day while we were at dinner. Jimmie is a privileged character, — always feels at liberty to go where Marcia is, — so he walked into the dining-room, and took a seat in the corner.

Marcia pretended not to see him for a long while, and it was amusing to watch his anxious little face. He looked at her steadily, until, at last, she let her eyes wander over his way, and was, of course, *very* much surprised when they took him in.

"Why, Jimmie! Is that you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Been to school to-day?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What have you learned?"

"Long addition."

"Long addition! You mean *tall* addition, don't you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"How tall?"

"Six figures tall."

"That's very tall, indeed."

"Yes, ma'am. An' it's five figures *fat*," said Jimmie, showing all his little white teeth.

"What a giant of an example!" laughed Marcia. "Isn't he smart for such a *little* boy?" she asked us, admiringly.

"Wonderfully smart," answered Ruth. "You had them all right, *of course*, Jimmie?"

"Some of them was a'most *near* right," replied Jimmie, complacently.

We all laughed, Jimmie as heartily as any of us.

"Never mind," said Marcia; "we'll do better next time, won't we, Jimmie? Could you eat this piece of pie, now, if I gave it to you?"

He trotted over to her side to get it; then, seeing that Maltie watched him with a jealous eye, wisely betook himself to the kitchen with his prize.

After dinner, Marcia called him back, and made him sit down beside her and perform some astonishingly "tall and fat addition;" after which, she showed him the pictures in her new scrap-book. This, of course, shortened her own time for studying; but she loves Jimmie so dearly that she is always willing to make sacrifices for him. He *is* a darling little fellow, if he is Irish, and not always *spic-span* clean. There are so many children at home that he gets very little attention, and his mother doesn't seem very much like a mother, somehow; she's so — I suppose Miss Janet would say — "shiftless."

But Marcia was in disgrace the next day, as I expected. She translated her French so carelessly that the girls all shouted. She didn't mind it a bit, though. Like Jimmie Phelan, she seemed to enjoy the joke as much as any of them.

"Solon, upon dying, ordered his bones to be burned, and that they throw the *cinders* all round the country."

I don't believe she will hear the last of Solon's *cinders* for one while.

We came across a funny little French proverb in our class the other day. It was something like this: "When you were born, you cried, and your friends rejoiced. So live that, when you die, your friends will cry, and you rejoice."

It gives one something to think of, doesn't it? If one could just *sit still and be good* all the time, it would be easy enough; but provoking things are con-

tinually coming up, and sometimes, when I think I am behaving *beautifully*, some one will say or do something to upset it all. It is just like this.

The other afternoon, I had made up my mind to come home early, swallow my dinner as fast as I could, and rush over to Angie's. We would have a good, long afternoon to go over our French, try her last new music, or do any thing we chose. I always do enjoy an afternoon there, — every thing is so quiet, and there are so many pretty things to look at. Well, when I came from school, my first salutation, as I opened the door, was from Bertie: "See my toes, Mattie! They *push*."

"Push! I should think they did. Why don't you wear your new shoes?"

"These *be* them."

I looked incredulously at mother. "It is even so," she said, with a smile. "These enterprising toes are determined to see the world."

"He must have a new pair *some time*," I said, carelessly.

"He needs them now. I was going to ask if you would go in town this afternoon and get them."

"O mother! I was going over to Angie's. I had it all planned. Wont to-morrow do?"

"Oh, yes. One day will not make much difference."

But I knew it would make *some* difference, for to-morrow was Margaret's day out. I seated myself at the table. I tried to think of something else; but those provoking little toes would *push* themselves into my mind. It was of no use. I might as well *give in* first as last. I was silent until dinner was over; then I said, faintly, "I'll go, mother."

"It is not necessary, daughter. The toes can wait until to-morrow."

But I insisted, feeling that I was really doing something praiseworthy. "I'll go," I repeated, cheerfully. "I'd just as lief go as not. I can ride in to Pearson's, and right out again. It won't take more than an hour: then I shall have a good afternoon left."

"But I want two yards more of this green for Marcia's dress. I should like to have you get that, and see what you can find for buttons."

Match a dress that was bought four weeks before! Hunt for buttons! Oh, dear!

I didn't say a word. "You" will hardly believe — yes, "you" will, too, for "you" know just what a mixture of goodness and badness a young girl's heart is — that I had to fight — yes, really *fight* — with myself, before I could be willing to go. At last I turned to mother: "Get me a pattern," said I, "and I'll see what I can do."

Ruth had sat quietly through the whole of it. I had been half provoked at her silence, but I was *wholly* provoked when she spoke.

"*Don't* go in town with such a solemn face, Mat. They'll bring out the last new thing in mourning for you. You'll come home with black buttons, — see if you don't."

I was downright angry now: but I said nothing.

"She's trying to be good, isn't she?" Ruth went on, provokingly. "And she finds it *dreadfully* hard, — poor little girl!"

"I'm not trying to be good, either," I burst out; "and I wish you'd attend to your own affairs."

"Oh! she *isn't* trying to be good. Well, I don't believe she is."

"Ruth!" said mother, in a grieved tone.

"It's of no use trying to be good where *you* are," I went on, in a blaze of indignation; "not the least in the world."

"Matilda!" Mother looked so sorry. I was ashamed of my flash of temper; but how *could* I help it? Should I ever, *ever*, EVER learn to control myself? "Never," I thought, "while Marcia blunders about so, and Ruth says such tantalizing things. I never *can* be good, and I *won't try*."

But I couldn't turn my eyes from mother's face; and, somehow, better thoughts, like good angels, began to crowd out the others. If I had nothing to fight, where would be the self-control? I *must* have Ruth and Marcia. That was settled long ago; and, angry as I still was, I didn't exactly see how I could get along without them. But Ruth was so *dreadfully* provoking! Well, I would try and bear with her; but I didn't believe I should ever *love* her again as long as I lived.

Still the sorry look on mother's face. I couldn't stand it. I threw myself on the hassock at her feet, and hid my face in her lap. "O mother, mother! I *was* trying *real* hard to be good until Ruth spoke. Then I didn't care how horrid I was."

She only laid her hand upon my head. That soft touch made me cry. I didn't want to; but I couldn't help it.

Suddenly I raised my head, and looked at Ruth. She was bending over her work, and her face was hidden. "It *is* hard to be good, Ruth; I acknowledge it," said I. "Why can't you help me?"

She came over, and sat down on the floor beside me. "What a little goosie you are, Mat! I didn't mean to stir you up so. I didn't, really."

Yes, that's just it; I *am* a little goose. Ruth, with her cool, calm temperament, sometimes appears years older than I do.

"Give us a hand too, mammy dear," said she, "and let me confess: I've been the wickedest one, because I roused the sleeping lion. He wasn't very *sound* asleep, though, — was he, Mat?"

"He wasn't asleep at all," said I.

"But he wouldn't have growled so if I hadn't *poked* him. Mother, don't all the people who have great trials to go through with come out *extra* bright at last?"

"It is often the case," replied mother.

"Take courage, then, Matilda. Think what a chance you have!"

I laughed outright. Ruth squeezed herself into my place on the hassock, and pulled me into her lap. "How pleasant 'tis to see kindred and friends agree!" she sang, rocking me gently all the while.

What with her singing and our laughing, we made such a noise, that Marcia and Bertie rushed in from the other room. Bertie looked almost frightened for a moment; then he ran and jumped up in mother's lap. Quick as thought, Marcia knelt down on the floor beside us, and gathered us all into her long arms.

"If we could only be '*took*' now, just as we are!" exclaimed Ruth. "A happy family."

"Take my toes too," cried Bertie, putting up his foot; and that brought me back, in an instant, to "the place from which I started."

I shook them all off. "Come, come," said I, "the afternoon is going. Get me the pattern, please, mother."

As I danced upstairs to put on my things, I thought what a happy family we really were. Surely there never was, or could be, such another mother; and, as for Ruth and Marcia, "when they were good, they were so very, very good," that I wouldn't have changed them for any other girl's sisters, after all. I was glad God had put me just here. Supposing He had sent me to the Toplifts', who were not *really acquainted* either with their father or their

mother; or to the Crandalls', who were always quarrelling!

My heart was full of good and happy and thankful thoughts, when there came a little tap at the door. It was Margaret.

"If ye plaze, Miss Mattie, wud ye mind gettin' me a pattern or two of thim cheap cotton an' wools? 'Twould be a great obligement."

Patterning! The work I *hated* above all things! I had had a good deal of it to do too, since mother's health had been delicate. Ruth declares that the clerks all run for their scissors the minute I come into a store.

It is humiliating, but I must confess it. At the sound of the word "pattern," up popped that "sleeping lion" again.

"You never *can* go to Boston without having fifty thousand fussy little errands to do," he whispered. "Let her get them herself."

Margaret stood, anxiously waiting. I knew how she hated shopping. I knew that, at the very sight of a dry-goods clerk, she was always so overwhelmed with a sense of her own littleness, — a feeling which seldom troubled her at home, — that she would almost believe that black was white, if he said so. Many were the bad bargains which she had made and rued; and she would keep on making and ruing them to the very latest day of her shopping. She knew it as well as I.

I gave the troublesome "lion" his quietus. "Go back, sir. When I want *you*, I'll send for you." Ah, if he *would* only wait for that!

"I can do it just as well as not, Margaret. I shall have to go round a good deal for Marcia's dress."

She gave me a torrent of thanks, with a "God bless you!" at the end. I felt humiliated, and should have felt more so, had I not remembered how much of this overflowing gratitude was just *Margaret's way*.

Well, my afternoon was a success, after all, if I didn't go to Angie's.

Mother came and sat down by my bedside that night, just as I was dropping off to sleep. "You have done so well to-day, daughter!" said she. "You are a real help to me. I don't know what I should do without you."

What could I do but draw her dear face close, close down to mine, and cover it with kisses?

This was worth fighting for. Don't "you" think so?

To be continued.

MOTHER.

EARLY one summer morning,
I saw two children pass;
Their footsteps, slow yet lightsome,
Scarce bent the tender grass.

One, lately out of babyhood,
Looked up with eager eyes:
The other watched her wistfully,
Oppressed with smothered sighs.

"See, mother!" cried the little one,
"I gathered them for you!
The sweetest flowers and lilies,
And Mabel has some, too."

"Hush, Nelly!" whispered Mabel,
"We have not reached it yet.
Wait till we get there, darling;
It isn't far, my pet."

"Get where?" asked Nelly. "Tell me."
"To the churchyard," Mabel said.
"No, no!" cried little Nelly,
And shook her sunny head.

Still Mabel whispered sadly,
"We must take them to the grave.
Come, darling," and the childish voice
Tried to be clear and brave.

But Nelly still kept calling,
Far up into the blue,
"See, mother, see, how pretty!
We gathered them for you."

And when her sister pleaded,
She cried, and would not go:
"Angels don't live in churchyards;
My mother don't, I know!"

Then Mabel bent and kissed her:
"So be it, dear," she said;
"We'll take them to the arbor,
And lay them there, instead.

"For mother loved it dearly;
It was the sweetest place!"
And the joy that came to Nelly
Shone up in Mabel's face.

I saw them turn, and follow
A path with blossoms bright,
Until the nodding branches
Concealed them from my sight.

But still, like sweetest music,
The words came ringing through:
"See, mother, see, how pretty!
We gathered them for you."

Mary Mapes Dodge, in St. Nicholas.

CHINESE PROVERBS.

THE ripest fruit grows on the roughest wall.

It is the small wheels of a carriage that come in first.

The man who holds the ladder at the bottom is frequently of more service than he who is stationed at the top of it.

Better be the cat in a poor man's family than a mutton-pie at a king's banquet.

The learned pig did not learn its letters in a day.

True merit, like the pearl inside an oyster, is content to remain quiet until it finds an opening.

The top strawberries are eaten the first.

Pride sleeps in a gilded crown; contentment, in a cotton night-cap.

HUMOROUS.

To keep moths out of old clothing, it is recommended to give the clothing to the poor.

"I SAW a large open box at the Boston and Maine depot in Boston, this morning, containing a very handsome dog. On the box was written: 'This is dog Joe. Please give him water. *You may be a dog yourself some time.*'"

THEY had a head of cabbage for dinner. Contemplating the steaming vegetable on the table, the little three-year old observed, "Ma, is that a head of cabbage?" — "Yes, my dear." — "Where is its mouf, then?"

A COUNTRY editor publishes the statement that the "moon-eyed men" of his town are raising a fund for the relief of the sufferers by the late fires. The moneyed men would probably be obliged to him if he wouldn't O them so much.

AN eagle shot in Wisconsin the other day was found to have twelve bullets in him. It must have been a balled eagle.

AFTER a boy is tired out hoeing potatoes, nothing seems to rest him more than to dig over a few square rods of greensward in search of bait.

A LITTLE five-year-old girl had been told that it was night on the other side of the world when it was daylight on this. As a proof that this astronomical fact had taken deep root, she exclaimed, upon rising the next morning, "Now they are just goin' to bed in China, and the skeeters are beginning to bite 'em."

"MA," said Fred, "I should rather be a wild turkey, and live my life out on the prairies, than be a tame turkey, and be killed every year."

"FATHER, is a parrot that talks a dumb animal?" — "My dear, children should not talk while they are eating."

THE PLAYMATES.

IN this picture you see Willie Mansfield and his little sister Mary. They are having fine sport. Willie is eagerly watching his top, which is spinning away as fast as it can spin. Puss, who is always ready for a frolic, is watching it quite as eagerly as Willie, and seems to think that it is whirling around for her amusement. Mary stands by enjoying the fun, and holding Carlo, her shaggy dog, who wants to spring at puss and drive her away. He feels a little cross because he cannot do as he wants to, just as children do sometimes; but, like children, he will soon get over his cross feeling. The parrot, who is fond of calling herself "Pretty Poll," is as pleased as any one to see the top spin. She is looking over Willie's shoulder as attentively as anybody could. What nice times these children must have with their pets and their toys! in how many ways they must be able to amuse themselves! We hope that they always love and obey their parents, who give them so many things to enjoy and try in so many ways to make them happy.

BILLY DUNCAN'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

CHAPTER II.

BY REV. N. SEAVER, JR.

BILLY had good luck the next day, because people were good-natured. The "Transcript" issued a Christmas edition, which went like hot cakes, and so did other papers. Early on Christmas eve he was all sold out; and, as the weather had become clear and mild, he was in no hurry to return to his room, and listen to the snoring or drunken chatter of Old Josh; so he roamed about the streets in company with another newsboy, who went by the nickname of "Smudge." In the course of their travels, they came to the hall in front of which Billy had found his box. It was again lighted, and children full of glee were climbing the stairs. Thinking that they might get admitted by begging checks, as they had often done at the theatres, they went up also: the worst that could happen was to be sent down again; but even this did not happen. By mixing with the throng of other children, they came at last to the middle of a hall, pretty well filled with happy faces. "The door-keeper hasn't seen us," whispered Billy. "Let's git over on that back settee, and mebbe we can see the whole show!" This plan succeeded; nobody disturbed them. You notice that Billy's language was not very choice; but, then, you must remember that he and Smudge never studied grammar or good manners. I must spell the words just as they spoke them. Meanwhile you must remember that you have not the excuse for bad grammar or coarse words which they had.

The exercises began with the reading of a short service. "We're sold," whispered Smudge: "This is noffin' but a Sunday-school dodge; le 's go out."

"No!" answered Billy. "I want to see wot they are goin' to do with them trees." Billy listened very attentively to some remarks by the Superintendent, and enjoyed the singing; but when the trees were lighted his eyes twinkled with delight. "It's better'n the Howard, or the burnin' o' Moscow," he murmured.

"Are they givin' all them things away?" asked he of a lubberly boy beside him, as one child after another was called up to receive a present.

"Yes," answered the lubber; "but you won't git any, coz you don't belong."

"You don't belong yourself," piped in a smaller lad: "you go to lots of Sunday schools, just before picnics and Christmas, to see what you can get."

This was too true; and the lubber was reaching over to pull the little fellow's hair, when Billy caught his sleeve, and whispered fiercely, "You let him alone, or I'll punch yer." Billy's fists were doubled up about the size of hen's eggs, and his eyes showed that he was in earnest; so the lubber, who was a coward as well as a booby, moved down to the end of the settee, and looked unhappy.

At last the trees were robbed of nearly all of their treasures, and Billy was eating some candy which the little fellow whose hair had escaped a pulling had handed over to him. "Is there any scholar who has been overlooked?" said the Superintendent.

The big boy at the end of the settee immediately rose, held up his hand, and said, "Me!"

"What's your name?" asked the Superintendent.

"Marshall Gunnison."

"I do not find your name on my book. Whose class are you in?"

"I don't know."

"Have you been to school lately?"

"No, sir."

And the result was that Marshall Gunnison got no present.

"Is there any boy or girl, not belonging to the school, who has received no candy?" said the Superintendent. Marshall was ashamed to answer again, for he had just been laughed at.

"He means you," whispered the little boy whom Billy had befriended. Billy had his doubts on that point; but he never lacked in courage, so he winked at Smudge, poked him in the ribs, and walked up to the platform. He half expected to be seized by the collar and hustled out, for being an intruder; but he assumed a look of stern resolution, for he felt he must appear as solemn as possible in order to pass for a Sunday-school boy. Imagine his astonishment, then, when the Superintendent, after a searching but pleasant glance, said some kind words, and handed him, not only an extra large bag of candy, but a new jack-knife. Billy walked back to his seat in a sort of daze, not noticing the titters of some ill-mannered children at his comical appearance; and his unheard-of good-fortune emboldened Smudge, who was not very courageous, to try his luck also, — that dirty young gentleman being made happy, but (I am sorry to say) not grateful, by a bag of candy and a wallet. Marshall pouted, grumbled, and looked cross at the boys; but Billy did not want to make a disturbance where he was well treated, so he paid no attention to him, except to double up his fists when he began to call him bad names.

The newsboys now began to think they had had glory enough for one evening, and were preparing to slip out with their treasures, when a lady made her appearance with a plate of cake, and — marvel of marvels! — offered it to Smudge. He seized a piece, and began to gobble it down as rapidly as possible, lest she might discover she had made a mistake; and Billy followed his example. But it did not prove a mistake, or, if it was, it was often repeated; for other plates of cake, apples, and oranges made their appearance in rapid succession, and the boys did not let a single one pass unnoticed, until they had crammed their stomachs, and even their pockets. Where, indeed, were they to learn that pocketing is bad manners? For once Billy was glad that he wore an overcoat with plenty of room in it for stowage.

After waiting until the goodies had ceased coming, and it became evident that there were to be no more surprises, the adventurers found their way into the street. "My eye!" shouted Billy, speaking aloud for the first time in nearly two hours, "wasn't that a lark?"

"You bet!" answered Smudge. "They must 'a took us for Sunday-schoolers."

"No, they didn't," said Billy. "That fat feller didn't fool 'em; and I seen the boss with black side-whiskers look me all over afore he guv me a thing. Does them look like Sunday-school boots? No, sir! I wish I could remember wot he said about makin' a merry Christmas and happy New Year for other folks."

"I didn't notice," said Smudge.

"Why, right at the fust, he said how we mustn't think everybody orter give us good things, and we play hog," continued Billy; "and he said if we have a merry Christmas, and want a happy New Year, we orter try to make other boys and girls feel nice."

"That's all gammon, Coatsey," replied Smudge. "A feller could mighty quick unload every thing he'd got, if he did that."

"I believe it, though," said Billy, "and I'd try it if I knew how; for them folks

wot was handin' round things had the best time of the whole lot. But I don't see wot such little chaps as us, with no money, nor friends, nor clothes, can do. Hello! wot's that?"

"It's a fur tippet I hooked when we came through the little room," chuckled Smudge.

Billy took the tippet, examined it thoughtfully for a moment, and then went and hung his coat on a shutter-fastening; taking good care not to spill the precious contents of the pockets.

"Wot are yer goin' to do?" asked the astonished Smudge, who noticed that Billy still kept hold of the stolen article.

"I'm going to pound you, unless you take this back where you got it," answered Billy, decidedly. "A feller as would go back on folks wot has treated him so prime orter have his head punched."

Smudge knew Billy to be a boy of his word in such matters, and more than his match. His first impulse was to snatch the tippet, and run down the street; but he reflected that Billy had a good memory, and would be likely to meet him next day and keep his promise, even if he did not notify the police. And so, after some grumbling, he sneaked upstairs again, where he found a lady searching for that very tippet, told her he had found it on the sidewalk, received one more large orange as a reward for his honesty, and returned to the street in season to find Billy tumbling Marshall Gunnison into a snowdrift. Smudge took part in this amusement, which was kept up until the booby roared with anger and fear; then, seeing an officer approaching, the two young savages separated in great haste, — Smudge to hide his provisions where he could eat them a little at a time, and Billy to think over the Superintendent's speech, to realize that he had already done one worthy action, and to study out a plan for doing more. As for his fighting and his coarse language, they were a part of the only education he had ever received. I have known children who behaved worse without such good excuse.

To be concluded.

For The Dayspring.

A BOY'S IDEA OF THE BUTTERFLY.

WHY did God make the butterfly?
Such useless things are they!
They neither sing, or make a noise,
All through the summer day.

The bee can buzz, the cricket chirp,
Each little bird can sing;
But, ah! the butterfly does nought
Save just keep on the wing.

The frogs can croak, the turtles peep,
The swans can loudly call:
Such useless things are butterflies,
They make no noise at all.

Ah, child! what has God ever made
That one so much enjoys
As *flowers*, that bloom in every path? —
And yet they make no noise.

Their *silence* is a low, sweet prayer;
Their perfume is their song;
In lowest haunts of poverty,
Their fragrance floats along.

The butterfly has brilliant wings,
More bright than diamonds fine;
And show, in all their workmanship,
An *Architect divine!*

God has not made one thing in vain,
However *small* it be.
And those whose voices make no song
Are beautiful to see.

AUNT CLARA.

NORTH ANDOVER.

JOYS are our wings, sorrows are our spurs.

For The Dayspring.

THE SILVER PEPPER-BOX.

RHODA LESLIE was a good little girl in most respects; usually obedient, always kind, and would not have told a falsehood on any account. She would have been ever welcome among all her friends but for one fault: she was meddlesome. A locked drawer, a covered basket, was a torment to Rhoda, she so longed to explore their contents. She seldom injured any thing, and she left things pretty nearly as she found them. But once she broke a curious musical-box, which her mother valued highly as a keepsake from a dear friend. It was in form a Swiss cottage, and a very pretty thing. And another time she let her mother's watch fall, trying to shut and replace it hastily when she heard her coming. She had been looking at the tiny wheels. But, if she had only asked, Mrs. Leslie would have shown her, and explained its mechanism. Bumps, tumbles, bruises innumerable, she gained in her exploring tours; and once she carried for weeks a scar on her wrist, in consequence of lifting the cover of a hot preserve kettle, to find out whether it held peaches, plums, or pears.

Her mother talked kindly and earnestly with her about this fault; telling her how troublesome and unladylike it was, how unpleasant to others, and even dangerous to herself. Rhoda would say she was sorry, and perhaps do better for a day or two; but temptation always proved too much for her, and she would open drawers and boxes, and take books and curiosities in her hands, without permission.

In early summer, when every thing was bright and beautiful, Mrs. Leslie went twenty miles from home, by steamboat, to visit a friend. The lady's son had been to sea several times, and had brought home to her many curious and beautiful things from foreign countries. Rhoda, too, was invited; but her mother told her that she *could not be trusted*, that her meddlesome fingers would be sure to make trouble, and she must stay at home. Rhoda cried and promised; but her mother, wise from experience, was resolute, and Rhoda stayed.

The week seemed very long; and she resolved never again to touch what she had no right to handle. For some little time she remembered, and Mrs. Leslie hoped she would really leave off; but bad habits are strong, and soon Rhoda was "peeping" again.

Her mother was in the habit of buying strawberries of an old lady in the neighborhood. One morning, she said to Rhoda, "I want you to go to Mrs. Weldon's, and get the two boxes she promised me for to-day. I would rather have sent you earlier, when it was not so warm, but I did not want you to lose your ride with grandpa."

Rhoda went, good-naturedly; the walk was not a long one, and most of the way was shady. Mrs. Weldon saw her coming, and met her at the door.

"Come right into the dining-room, dear; it is cool and pleasant there," she said, "and there's a pitcher of ice-water on the table. I'll get the strawberries in a few moments. They're all ready; but I put them in the pantry to keep cool."

Rhoda was warm and thirsty, and the cool room seemed very nice.

But, ah! there was temptation even there. The table was laid for dinner, with a snowy cloth and old-fashioned china and glass; for Mrs. Weldon, though far from rich, was a tidy, particular old lady, that used her best things every day, and washed her dishes herself. Rhoda's quick eye glanced over the quaint patterns of the china and

glass, and noticed a curious little thing, such as she had never seen. It was silver, and had been rubbed till it shone as only silver can shine. It looked like a tiny jelly-cup, but had a close cover. Rhoda wondered what it could be; and, forgetful of all good manners, she took it in her hand and raised the cover. It was really a pepper-box, and the perforated lid was within the close one, and opened by pressure on a tiny spring. Rhoda heard Mrs. Weldon's footstep close to the door; and, hurried and ashamed, tried to shut and replace the box too quickly for her to know about it; but the inner lid flew up, and the poor little girl had a warm greeting, — eyes, nose, mouth, and throat, how terribly they smarted and burned!

The kind old lady pitied her very much; she bathed her face and eyes, gave her ice-water to drink, and did all she could to help and comfort her. But it was a severe lesson; and Rhoda, ever afterwards, when tempted to meddle, thought of the silver pepper-box.

M. J.

THE SABBATH.

With silent awe, I hail the sacred morn,
Which slowly wakes, while all the fields are still.
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne,
A graver murmur gurgles from the rill;
And echo answers softer from the hill,
And softer sings the linnet from the thorn, —
The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.
Hail, light serene! Hail, sacred Sabbath morn!
The rooks float silent by, in airy droves;
The sun a placid yellow lustre shows;
The gales, that lately sighed along the groves,
Have hushed their downy wings in sweet repose;
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move, —
So smiled the day when the first morn arose.

Good, the more communicated, the more abundant grows. — *Milton.*

SELECTIONS.

Little words, not eloquent speeches or sermons; little deeds, not miracles nor battles, make up the true Christian life. The little constant sunbeams, not the lightning; the waters of Siloam, "that go softly" in the mission of refreshment, not the waters of "the river great and many," rushing down in torrent noise and force, are the true symbols of a holy life.

Never boast of reading every thing; you might as well boast of eating every thing. We should be as careful about reading as about eating; for reading is food for the mind. Some people eat too much, and some eat improper food. In either case they get sick. So, too much reading, or improper reading, is bad for the mind and bad for the morals.

Never slight nor neglect the humblest individual. Remember that he is of as much importance to himself as you are to yourself, or as is the greatest man in the world. You have no right to hurt the feelings of any person. Bear in mind that his heavenly Father is also yours, and that He cares for him as much as for you. He will also protect him against your unkindness or injustice, and you will in some way have to suffer for it. Treat every one, even the humblest menial, with due consideration; so you will make them happy, and receive in return their good-will and the peace of heaven in your own mind.

Strong passions are the life of manly virtues. But they need not necessarily be evil because they are passions and because they are strong. The passions may be likened to blood-horses, that need training and the curb only to enable them whom they carry to achieve the most glorious triumphs.

WINTER.

THIS is a winter scene in the country. It is night. The snow is very deep on the ground; not a single path or track is to be seen. The fences are almost buried in snow, and the roofs of the buildings are thickly covered with it. All is silent around the farmhouses. The church, with its tall spire pointing to heaven, looks lonely enough. Beyond the church are high mountains lifting their peaks towards the skies. High above the mountains are thick, black clouds; but through the clouds the bright full moon is shining out upon the snow-clad earth. All is still as death. Those who dwell in the houses are quietly sleeping. But there is One who never sleeps. He is as much awake in the night as in the day. He is still active when the eyes of His children are closed in sleep. He is watching over those lonely dwellings among the mountains where those within have no power to protect themselves. He will cause His sun to rise in the morning and shine upon them. Soon it will shine with such warmth that the snow and ice will melt. Then the grass will spring up, and cover the fields and hillsides with green, the trees will put forth their leaves, and all will be joyful where now all is so dreary and still.

THE

PLEASURES OF UNSELFISHNESS.

Translated from the French for the Dayspring, by L. L. B.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN SOPHIA AND HER MOTHER.

Mother. — Why is your sister crying, and why do you look so unhappy, Sophy? You do not wish to tell me?

Sophia. — No, dear mamma; but it is because —

Mother. — Tell me, my child; your silence troubles me.

Sophia. — Well, mamma, my sister wanted my doll, and I —

Mother. — Go on, dear.

Sophia. — And I did not want to lend it to her.

Mother. — Did you not know at first where to look for it?

Sophia. — It was not that, mamma; here it is.

Mother. — Has she broken some of your playthings?

Sophia. — Oh, no; on the contrary, yesterday, I broke her dollie's arm.

Mother. — What reason had you, then, for refusing her?

Sophia. — I don't know, mamma; no particular reason. Only I did not want to lend it to her.

Mother. — How! You did not wish to please your sister? You make me feel sad. (Sophy begins to cry.) Why do you cry, Sophy? Tears will do no good. Let us have a friendly talk about the matter. Do you want me to tell you what your thoughts were like?

Sophia. — Yes, mamma.

Mother. — At first, you did not want to lend your doll to your sister, because you wished to keep all your playthings for yourself.

Sophia. — That is true, mamma. I put them all on the table, and amused myself by looking at them.

Mother. — You did not think how badly Lou would feel; you thought only how nice it would be to see all your pretty things together.

Sophia. — You have guessed just right, mamma.

Mother. — See what comes of thinking only of yourself. Your sister Lou feels very badly; and you, Sophy, are you pleased with yourself at this moment?

Sophia. — No, indeed. I have not been happy since I was unkind to Lou.

Mother. — Do you want me to tell you something which happened last evening?

Sophia. — Oh, yes; let me see if you can tell about that as well.

Mother. — Do you remember your sister asked you to let her take your Stamp-Book? You lent it to her very willingly. Did you not feel happy when you gave her pleasure?

Sophia. — Yes, mamma; I did, indeed.

Mother. — And were you not still more happy when she threw her arms around you, and thanked you?

Sophia. — Truly, mamma.

Mother. — Then, you were both happy, and loved each other very dearly; now, you are unhappy and apart. Is this not a very different state of things?

Sophia. — Yes, mamma.

Mother. — Fortunately, my dear, you need not be unhappy another moment if you do not wish to be.

Sophia. — I do not. I will run and find Lou, and ask her to forgive me.

Mother. — That is right, dear. You will be pleased when you find how glad she will be to see you.

Sophia. — I will not wait another moment. I will kiss her, and beg her to take my doll.

Mother. — Come, first, and kiss me, darling. There is one pleasure you did not think of, my daughter: it is to learn from the lips of your mother how happy you make her when you are an unselfish little girl.

A GENTLEMAN was one day asked by a friend how he kept himself from being involved in quarrels. He answered, "By letting the angry person have all the quarrel to himself."

TOO SMALL TO HELP.

"I'm so unhappy, mamma dear,
Because I am so small;
You have such lots of work to do,
And I can't help at all."

"Oh, yes, my little Annie dear!
You help me every day,
When I am busy, keeping Pet
So happy at her play.

"You bring your papa's slippers down;
You feed the pussy-cat;
You catch my rolling ball of yarn;
And, better still than that,

"You always keep a smiling face,
To cheer your mother's heart.
Though big folks wash and sweep and dust,
You do your little part."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE WIDE AWAKE is always full of wholesome and interesting reading for young people. The March number contains, among other good things: "The Battle of Three;" "Margy's Two Troubles;" "The Shovel Brigade," being No. III. of "The Child-Toilers of the Streets of Boston;" "What Johnny Found;" "Square Bashful;" "In Lumberland;" "True Blue;" "The Story of English Literature for Young People;" "The Birds of Winter;" "The Story of the King;" "Little Miss Muslin of Quintillion Square;" and "Parlor Pastimes." Almost every article is illustrated, and most of the illustrations are excellent.

THE COTTAGE HEARTH for February contains a great variety of useful and pleasant reading. Among the leading articles are those on "Samuel Bowles;" "Fruits of the Azores;" "Committing to Memory;" "The New Cinderella;" "Small Economies;" "Woman's Work;" "Dress and Riches;" and "Self-Reliance." Its

departments entitled "The Receipt-Book," "The Fashion-Mirror," "The Ladies' Bazaar," and "The Life-Preserver" are especially useful, and alone worth the price of the magazine, which is only one dollar and fifty cents a year.

THE UNITARIAN REVIEW for February contains: "The Personal Ideal of the Unitarian Faith," by Rev. N. P. Gilman; "Geometry and Biology," by Rev. Thomas Hill, D.D.; "The Revelations of Mother Juliana," by M. W. T.; "A Contribution to Christology," by Rev. C. Palfrey, D.D.; "Liturgical Worship in Unitarian Churches," by Rev. H. W. Foote; "Editors' Note-Book;" "Things at Home and Abroad," by M. P. L.; "Foreign Periodical Literature," by Rev. S. J. Barrows; "Review of Current Literature." This publication is one of the very best of its kind, and we wish that it might find its way into many thousand homes, and be carefully read there.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS for March contain Lessons XXVII.–XXXI. of the Series on the Old Testament. The subjects of these five Lessons are: "Eli and Samuel;" "Samuel the Judge;" "The New Period in the History of the Israelites;" "The Reign of Saul;" "The Character of Saul. — Review." Specimen copies sent on application at 7 Tremont Place, Boston.

BOURBON LILIES: A Story of Artist Life, is the title of a new book by Lizzie W. Champney, author of "In the Sky-Garden," and "All Around the Palette." A somewhat hasty perusal leads us to believe that this is the best of the author's books, all of which are good. It is published by Lockwood, Brooks, & Co., Boston.

Puzzles.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. An order of Catholics.
2. A mistake.
3. A woman's name.
4. Skepticism.
5. A city mentioned in the Bible.
6. The opposite of natural.
7. A very common sin.
8. A volcanic mountain.
9. An island off the coast of Africa.

My initials spell the name of an ancient city.
My finals a celebrated naval battle.

J. C. M.

ENIGMA.

Though reckoned quite a harmless thing,
The blinding tears I often bring;
For man will touch and taste and use
What neither bird nor beast would choose.
You know my name: for, see, I stand
With a preposition on either hand.

FLORENTINE.

A PUZZLE OF THIRDS.

One-third of a kid,
One-third of a cow,
One-third of a pig,

will give an animal highly prized by some, and the terror of others. It sometimes performs the duties of a policeman; at others, a servant, a preserver of life, a playmate, a pet, a hunter. M. M.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA IN FEBRUARY NUMBER.

"Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God."

THE DAYSPRING.

(Rev. George F. Piper, Editor),

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